

Title or no title

by son of jupiter 123

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Summary: Set in 1400's. Bella is set to marry Prince Edward, heir to the United Empire. But when someone with no money, no land, and no title enters her life, will she still marry him? Or will she marry the one who has nothing to offer, but everything to give?

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Jacob

I'm growing tired of being out in the fields all day. Sadly, it's the only source of food and income for me and my father. We used to be comfortable before my mother took most of our gold and ran off with some Frenchmen. Ever since then, we've been working in the fields. At least, till an unfortunate farming accident crippled my fathers legs. Now it's just me, working from the dusk till dawn.

"Jacob, come here!" He shouts from our little house. If you could call it a house. To make extra money, we sell timber on the side, and with any left over wood, I built a small cottage to house us. It's done it's job well, doesn't leak keeps out the summer sun, and keeps us warm in the horrible winters.

"What is it father?" I ask as I enter the house. He seems to be deep in thought.

"I received an offer from Lord Swan, to move in with him and his daughter by the months end. I dislike leaving this area, but we're deep in debt. What do you ponder Jacob?" The Swans? Why dose that name sound familiar.

"Aren't the Swans old acquaintances of ours?" I ponder, deep in thought.

"That they are. They are also keen to the king of empire. After much debating, the king allowed us to move in with the Swans. You shall

work for them, making a small fortune." More work, what else is new? Ever since my fourth year, I've been working for his Highness, growing and harvesting his wheat for his royal friends as court. All the while, paying us only enough to get through the day. Then again, if it's more than the five pieces of copper I'm making now, it could be worth it.

"I say, you'd be daft if you pass on such a offer." He gives the smallest of smiles before turning to his desk.

"I shall write him, saying we'll start our travel the next morning. This land, starting after you gather food for the journey, now belongs to his Highness." I nod and run out to gather food. Maybe I can sneak a little more. To sell on the way. The little province of Forks is many miles from here, so having extra silver or copper may do us more good than harm.

Bella

Unlike my mother, me and father are happy to be having the Blacks come and live with us. My mother, born rich, had always disliked anyone who is a peasant. Father, on the other hand, made his fortune the hard way, working hard everyday until he owned much of the land in Forks, providing our king much grain. And in return, he made my father a lord.

"Really Charlie, all this fuss for a couple of peasants. It's not very lord like." My mother complains, as she always does.

"Now RenÃ©e, the Blacks were once very wealthy people. And Billy is a very close and very old acquaintance mine. We built our fortune at the same time." He argues back.

"But he wasn't made a lord like you." He sighs and waits for them. It's been two suns since we received a letter saying that they were about a sunrise away from here. And we're both a little restless, acting like poor old daft fools. Father for seeing his old friend, and me for meeting someone new. I was but a little baby when they moved back to their old farm. I was told why they had to, and always wanted to see them.

"Father, I see them!" I exclaim, pointing to the carriage approaching the old path. Neither can hold back any longer, and run up to it. Being older and taller than I, father reaches them first.

"Billy! How has life been to you?" He asks, acting much like a child, like I was so many moons ago.

"Been a challenge, glad to be seeing you my old friend." Billy responds, acquiring help into a moving chair. Next out of the carriage is a man, not much older than me, and I swear I died.

"Your son?" My father ponders, nodding towards the, the walking God. Or in my case, devil.

"Aye. His name's Jacob. He's been much help since my accident. A shame I couldn't give him a better life." So the story my father told me is true. Such a sad tale too. I feel pity towards the poor folks.

"You daughter? My, how she has grown. I remember when you were just a tiny thing Isabella." I look at the ground. Father says Billy held me once, when I was only three suns old. They soon go inside, while I stay with the one called Jacob.

"How do you do My Lady?" He asks, starting to unload the carriage. I see the muscles on his arms bulged out, and it takes all I have not to faint.

"None of formalities please. I never did like it. Just Isabella please." I respond, still staring at him. His laugh is strong and warming. Oh, why must I marry Prince Edward Cullen?

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><p><strong>Okay, I'm positive there's new wording in there. It's hard to write in old English. But tell me what you think. R&R, and enjoy.<strong>

End  
file.